



#### MATTER FOR CONGRESS.

Pretty Girl with Postage Stamps

"Yes, ten two-cent ones, please?" said the girl with the Dewey button on her jacket-sleeve, as she stopped at the window marked "Stamps." "haven't they a jolly taste?" she went on, laying her letters on the little counter. "I wonder if we could get some writing on the faces, pink and gold? I wonder why they don't have colored flowers in the gins the same as they do in the cream sodas, or anything like that. I think it would be awful nice to buy ten cents' worth of valentines, or letters, or other special decorations, and then write to people who they could be, like the doctor, or the teacher, or the children, or the parents, or the friends, or the relatives, or the people who know how to make them just to look all the more attractive. Wish I were a man and could go to congress. I'd fix lots of things up nice. Good by."

"She gave the last stamp a pat with her hand, turned away, and the young mailman, who had been smiling and laughing, knew very well upon his hands. One day,

To Los Angeles and Southern California.

Every Friday night, at 10:30 p. m., a through tourist car for Los Angeles and Southern California leaves the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Union Pass station, 10th and Dearborn Streets, Chicago, Springfield, St. Louis, City, for all points in California, Utah, Nevada and Colorado.

In addition to the regular Pullman car, each car is accompanied by an intelligent, competent and courteous manager, who is assigned to the wants of passengers en route. This is an additional service to the tourist car service and will be appreciated by all tourists, who value time and money.

For a complete list of rates and services, see the Headline General Pass and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

#### STATISTICS.

July 1st, 1900, there were more than 8,000 women traveling in the United States.

Is that so? Well, I'm going to make my wife get a broom and sweep care of me. —*Butcher's Journal*.

#### LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 9303.

I am so grateful to you for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me that I feel as though I must tell about it. A year ago I was taken very sick. Doctors could do me no good only toadden the pain which I had almost constantly. I got some of your Compound and took one bottle and received benefit from it at once. I have taken it ever since and now have no backache, no pain in my side and my stomach and bowels are perfectly well. I can honestly say that there is nothing like it. If I could only tell every woman how much good your medicine has done me, they would surely try it! —MARTHA M. KING, NORTH ATTLEBORO, MASS.

The way women trifle with health shows a degree of indifference that is past understanding. Happiness and usefulness depend on physical health; so does good disposition. Disease makes women nervous, irritable and suspicious. The very effort of ailing women to be good-natured makes them nervous. Write to Mrs. Pinkham, she will help you to health and happiness.

It costs nothing to get Mrs. Pinkham's advice. Her address is Lynn, Mass.

#### W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 & 3.50 SHOES UNION MADE.

Worth \$4 to \$6 compared with other makes.

Indorsed by over 100,000 wearers.

The unique W. L. Douglas shoes and stockings are made to fit all sizes. Your dealer will be glad to show you how to get the right size and width, plan or shape, and of easier sizes and widths.

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO., Brockton, Mass.

Personally Conducted California Excursions

Via the Santa Fe Route.

Three times a week from Chicago and Kansas City.

Twice a week from St. Paul and Minneapolis.

Once a week from St. Louis and Boston.

In improved wide-vestibuled Pullman tourist sleeping cars.

Better than ever before, at lowest possible rates.

Experienced excursion conductors.

Also daily service between Chicago and Cincinnati solicited.

T. A. GRADY,

Manager California Tourist Service.

The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railways.

109 Adams Street, CHICAGO.

#### GUIDED BY INTUITION.

Woman Jumps at Conclusions Without Resorting to Logic and Wins.

"I begin to think there is no limit to woman's intuition. It frequently enables her to read stories on sight, but what gets me and strikes me as unique is the fact that the same intuition projects her knowledge into the future and makes her about as omniscient with things to come as with things past."

"Let me illustrate. When the copper market was so active I put in hours every day studying quotations, fluctuations, and the outside. As the result of a conclusion reached by that method I invested \$1,000 more than most men, and was finally glad to let go with a loss considerably larger than my original investment."

"During a period of confidence and in the enjoyment of prospective riches I had told my wife of my investment and of the good things she might expect when the deal was closed. She gave her the speculative fever and was anxious to make a gain. She didn't know what the world stocks meant.

A market report is Greek to her. She couldn't figure on the outlook if she had all the data and a slate and pencil. Yet she came to me with \$100 she had saved in old papers and stockings and told me to buy P. Q. M. shares. I scolded her that they were dead and buried, that she might as well try to catch a dead fish in a bucket. But her mind was made up. I thought the lesson here would be a cheap one for her and I obeyed."

"Those shares took a sudden jump to the surprise of everyone and she cleared \$2,000. Men don't seem to have any business sense, she said, when we compare notes."

"I think it would be better if you knew more girls would have their first kiss off the floor, but I'll go along with you."

"However," then the Detroit brother who had been talking dashed to the floor a 15-cent cigar he had just lit.—Detroit Tribune.

#### OZARK AGRICULTURE.

How Farmers Practice Rotation of Crops in That Profitable Region.

Mark Janner appreciates the story that a woman was quite amazed the other day at observing a farmer, after killing a nest of snakes turned up by the plow, strange the dead snakes in the narrow drifts he went back to the plow.

"Why do you do that, my good man?" the woman asked.

The farmer looked curiously at the scientist, and seeing that he was ready to search for information, replied:

"In that soil the plow will cover the snakes on the next round."

Seeing that the scientist was still mystified, the farmer continued:

"I never practice rotation because I can't afford to pay for it."

"Yes," said the scientist, with a smiling inflection.

Well, I concluded the farmer, "the disappearance of animal snakes disappears generally for the plow life, I believe."

"Yes," agreed the scientist.

"Then snakes will make crop grass," said the scientist, accompanied by the farmer at the telephone.

"Yes," said the scientist.

And snakes will make more snakes, which is indeed that is what we call rotation in the agriculture of this region.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

#### JUST MARRIED.

How "Hobby" Orders His Supplies Through the Telephone.

When a young man marries and opens up home one of his chief anxieties is to appear master of the situation and as much like a veteran as possible. Blanton, who would be widely known by his name, is a new husband and just settled. Here is a sample letter from him on a continuous conversation at the telephone:

"Send me up a pound of carpet tacks. Number 1. Didn't know anything about the number of tacks in a pound. All you've got to do is fill my order. And, say, send me half a pack of nails. Tempers?" I'm not asking the price, am I? Yes, half a pack, that's what I said. Now, I want a saw. Don't you know you're married? This is a private estate. Mr. Blanton's residence. It's no lumber mill. I don't want any buzz saw or gang saw, just a regular house saw. Throw in a hamer and a hatchet and a staple hammer. And say, I want a good strong stove-leg. We broke one in moving. None of our guests who made the stay. All you've got to do is send up the leg.

All right, we'll have a few minutes Blanton was rattling away at the receiver.

Three pounds of steak. What kind?

Beefsteak, of course. We're not eating horsesteak or sheep steak at our house.

Three yards of sausage. Never mind, how other people buy it. I always buy the yard.

A gallon of coffee, two dozen

eggs, some half a bushel of oranges, yes, half a bushel of oranges, and a bunch of grapes, all right, send up a couple of cases of selected, a quarter of a section of cheese, half a bottle of lettuce, two of those cigar-shaped loaves of bread, a pad of butter and a sack of sugar. Yes, just a regulation sack, you know. And, hold on, put in a basket of eggs. Good by."—Detroit Free Press.

It's Glory Gone.

In one of the finest cities of our west there lives a certain man who has been prominent all his life in the work of building and managing theaters. He has been too busy at this to have much time for reading. When his job was made he started for Europe and visited the various countries. Among other cities he took in Rome. It chanced that he drove out in the country road when he came to the quiet town of Glendale, and it was a theater. The old man was surprised. When he came back he was asked about his trip; he mentioned Rome. Naturally he was asked if he had seen the Coliseum. He had. He didn't think much of it. To quote his own words, "I was a blundered good housewife, but it's in ruins now,"—Detroit Free Press.

By the time a man succeeds in reaching the top of the ladder he is bound to enjoy the scenery.—Chicago Daily News.

Two-thirds of the steaming domes now always goes under another name. Chicago Daily News.

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